

2001: A SPACE
ODYSSEY

MARVEL COMICS GROUP™



30¢
CC

2
JAN
02672

BASED ON
CONCEPTS FROM THE
MGM/STANLEY KUBRICK
PRODUCTION



2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY™

**SECOND
STARTLING
ISSUE!**



A FIERY FEMALE
MAKES THE
CENTURIES' TRIP--
FROM THE CAVES
TO ETERNITY!
**VIRA, THE
SHE
DEMON!**



STAN LEE PRESENTS:

2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY™

BASED ON CONCEPTS OF THE MGM MOVIE BY STANLEY KUBRICK AND ARTHUR C. CLARKE

EDITED, WRITTEN AND DRAWN BY: **JACK KIRBY** | INKED AND LETTERED BY: **MIKE ROYER** | CONSULTING ARCHIE EDITOR: **GOODWIN**

ARE WE THE END OF THE LINE!? ARE WE THE LAST STOP IN THE JOURNEY OF HUMAN EVOLUTION? THE ANSWER COULD BE THAT THE VOYAGE IS FAR FROM OVER!! EACH OF US COULD BE A STEPPING STONE TO THE NEW SEED!!! BUT, LET US NOT LEAP TO THE FUTURE BEFORE WE EXPLORE THE DIM PAST-- FOR ONE WHO BEGAN HER ODYSSEY IN A CAVE OF SKULLS!

VIRA

THE SHE-DEMON!

COLORED BY:
JANICE COHEN

THIS IS THE MONOLITH!
IS IT AN
ALIEN
INTELLIGENCE
ENTRY TO
THE STARS!?

BEGONE,
YOU HUNTERS
OF VERMIN!
BEGONE!

VIRA IS A NON-SUBMISSIVE FEMALE WHO IS TRYING TO SURVIVE IN A PRIMITIVE WORLD SWARMING WITH MALES WHO DOMINATE OR KILL. HAVING WANDERED INTO A "RITUAL CAVE," RESERVED FOR THE STORAGE OF ENEMY SKULLS SHE FINDS HERSELF SURPRISED BY TRIBAL WARRIORS RETURNING FROM THE HUNT.

I SEEK ONLY FOOD HERE!!

I HAVE NOT EATEN FOR A FULL DAY.

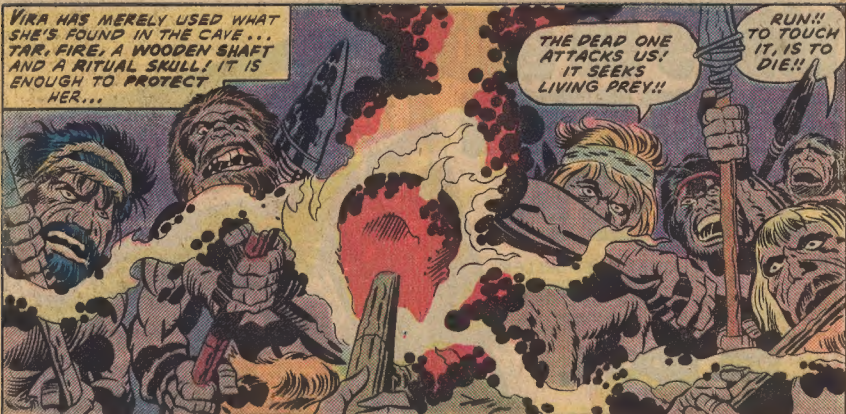
SEE! SHE HAS MADE OUR ENEMIES RETURN TO LIFE, WITH EYES OF FIRE--!

THIS IS A FEARSOME THING!

OUR SPEARS ARE FACED BY THE FLAMING DEAD!

THE "STONE-SPIRIT" HAS GIVEN HER THE POWER TO COMMAND THE DEAD!

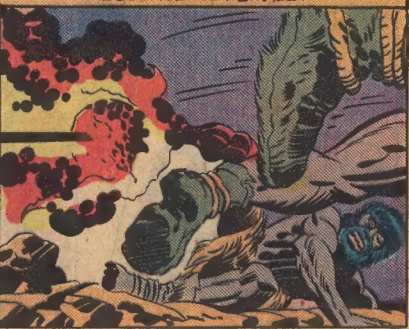
VIRA HAS MERELY USED WHAT SHE'S FOUND IN THE CAVE... TAR, FIRE, A WOODEN SHAFT AND A RITUAL SKULL! IT IS ENOUGH TO PROTECT HER...



RUDIMENTARY RELIGION HAS COME TO MEN! THE FEAR OF THE UNKNOWN IS ALIVE IN THEIR HEARTS! THE BLAZING SKULL WHICH MOVES IN UNISON TO VIRA'S SCREAMS SHATTERS THEIR SENSE OF LOGIC-- AND THEIR NERVES!!



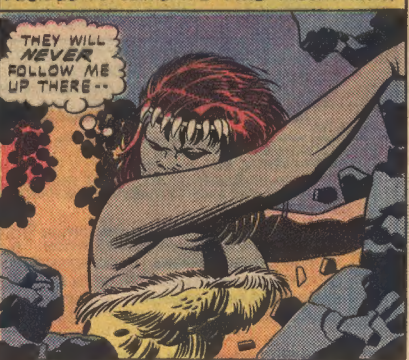
THEY BREAK! THEY FLEE IN TERROR! THE MALES STUMBLE AND FALL BEFORE A FIREY IMAGE CONJURED UP BY A RESOURCEFUL FEMALE.



MOMENTS LATER, VIRA CAUTIOUSLY LEAVES THE "RITUAL CAVE" KNOWING THAT SHE MUST MAKE THE MOST OF HER TIME BEFORE THE HUNTERS RECOVER THEIR SENSES...



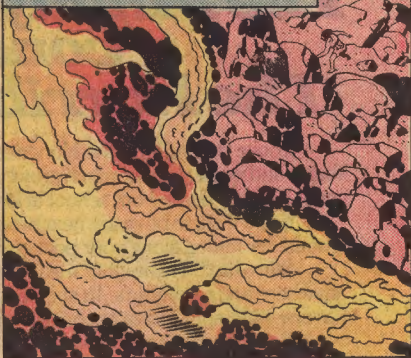
SHE MUST DISCOURAGE PURSUIT. SHE MUST GO TO THE PLACES THE TRIBE FEARS. VIRA DECIDES TO CLIMB THE "FIRE" MOUNTAIN...



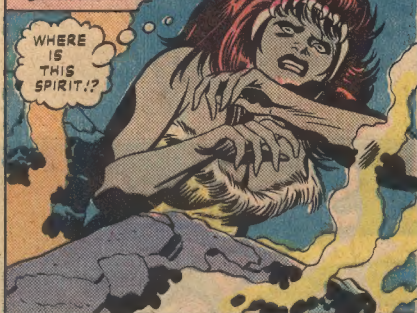
WHAT IS TO BECOME ITALY IN THE FAR FUTURE IS LITERALLY A LAND OF FIRE. VOLCANOS ARE CONSTANTLY ACTIVE AND FLASH CRIMSON IN THE NIGHT...



MORE THAN GIVING MAN THE GIFT OF FIRE, THIS VOLCANO HAS ALSO MADE HIM FEAR AND DREAM STRANGE VISIONS...

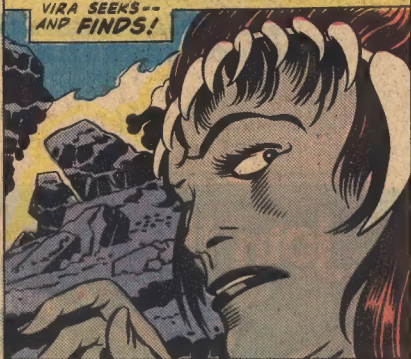


EVEN VIRA'S STUBBORN COURAGE BEGINS TO FALTER... SHE PAUSES BEHIND EVERY STEAMING ROCK--WAITING FOR THE UNKNOWN TO STRIKE...

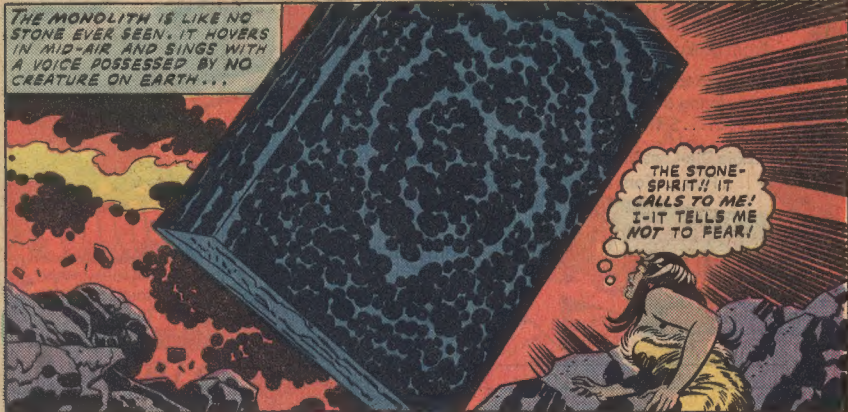


WHERE IS THIS STONE-SPIRIT? IS IT REAL OR ONLY A BOASTFUL HUNTER'S TALE??

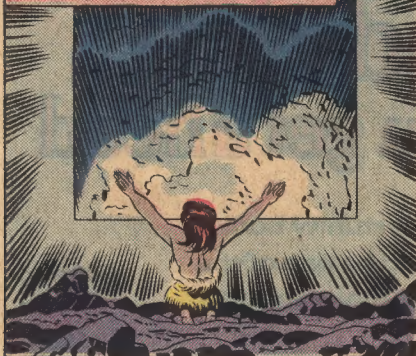
VIRA SEEKS--
AND FINDS!



THE MONOLITH IS LIKE NO STONE EVER SEEN. IT HOVERS IN MID-AIR AND SINGS WITH A VOICE POSSESSED BY NO CREATURE ON EARTH...



BUT VIRA'S FEARS DO NOT ONLY STEM FROM SUPERSTITION... SHE FACES DEATH FROM STARVATION OR SOME HUNTER'S SPEAR...

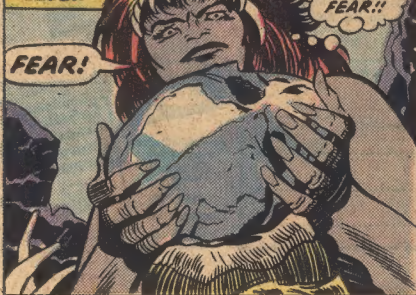


THERE IS NO ONE ABOUT TO HEAR WHAT TRANPIRES. THE MONOLITH SOON CEASES ITS SOUNDS AND VIRA GOES ON...



IT HAS
SPOKEN! WHAT
LIES EVERYWHERE
IN THIS PLACE
CAN SAVE
ME...

VIRA'S FERTILE MIND IS EVER RESTLESS. SHE SCOURS THE GRIM FIELD AND REFLECTS UPON ITS GROTESQUE HARVEST... THERE IS SOIL AND BONES HERE... AND SOMETHING --ELSE!!



FEAR!

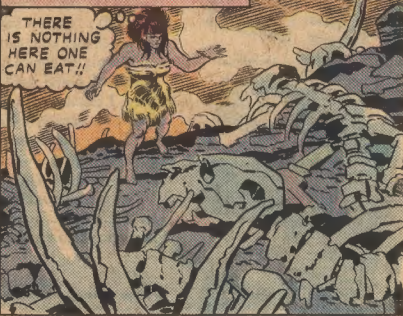
THIS IS
TRULY A
PLACE OF
FEAR!!

SHE TELLS THIS TO THE STONE-SPIRIT. SHE TELLS OF AN EMPTY BELLY WHICH CANNOT BE FILLED BY THIS BARREN GROUND... FOR NOTHING GROWS HERE. NOTHING CAN SURVIVE IN THESE HEIGHTS!



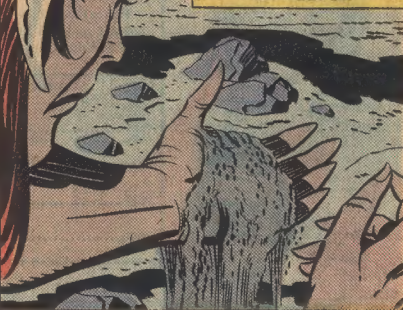
TELL ME, STONE-SPIRIT!
I-I NEED FOOD... I NEED
WATER... I MUST HAVE
THESE--OR I DIE...

VIRA LOOKS IN ALL DIRECTIONS AND SEES NOTHING BUT ASHY SOIL AND THE BONES OF ANIMALS WHO HAD ALSO MADE THEIR CHOICE BETWEEN THE HUNTERS' SPEARS AND THE VOLCANO'S FLAME...



THERE
IS NOTHING
HERE ONE
CAN EAT!!

VIRA IS SUDDENLY INSPIRED! SHE WILL USE THE BONES AND SOIL-- AND FEAR ITSELF, TO PRODUCE HER NEEDS!!

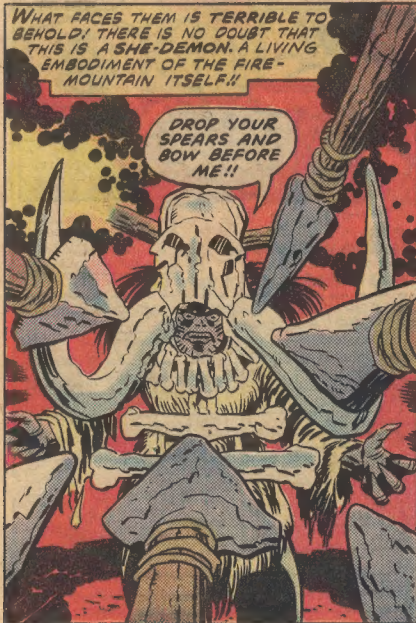


LATER THAT NIGHT, FIRES BLAZE AND HUNTERS DANCE AT THE FOOT OF THE "FIRE-MOUNTAIN," HOME OF THE STONE-SPIRIT--WHO CAN ONLY BE APPEASED BY THE SKULLS OF ENEMIES...



WHAT FACES THEM IS TERRIBLE TO BEHOLD! THERE IS NO DOUBT THAT THIS IS A SHE-DEMON. A LIVING EMBODIMENT OF THE FIRE-MOUNTAIN ITSELF!!

DROP YOUR SPEARS AND BOW BEFORE ME!!



THE DANCERS FREEZE IN THEIR TRACKS AS A LOUD, UNEARTHLY SHRIEK RIPS THROUGH THE NIGHT AIR!!

IIIIIEEEYA!

LOOK THERE! WHAT IS IT!?

I-I HAVE NEVER SEEN ITS LIKE!



VIRA HIDES HER AMAZEMENT AS THEY OBEY!! HER EYES CONTINUE TO FLASH AND HER EERIE VOICE IS STEADY AND COMMANDING...

I AM SENT BY THE GREAT STONE SPIRIT TO LIVE AMONG YOU!! PLEASE ME AND YOU SHALL PROSPER! ANGER ME--AND I SHALL DEVOUR YOUR TRIBE!!



THE RUSE WORKS FOR VIRA. THE TRIBE OF SAVAGE HUNTERS BECOMES HER'S TO RULE! THEY LABOR WITH GREAT ROCKS TO BUILD HER AN EDIFICE... PERHAPS IT IS THE FIRST MAN-MADE HOUSE IN EXISTENCE...



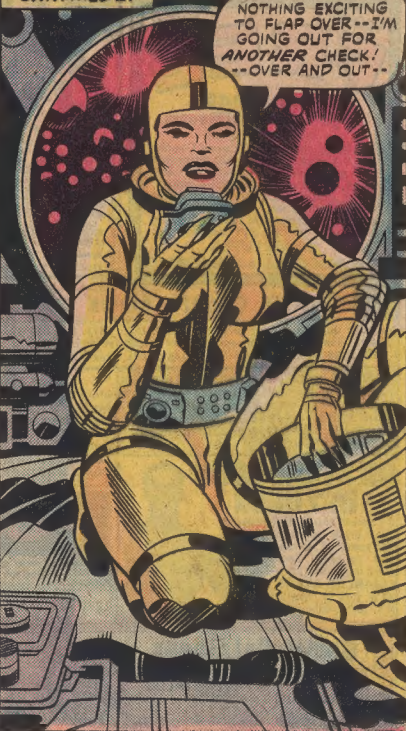
VIRA HAS FOUND THE SECURITY THAT SHE SO DESPERATELY SOUGHT. CLAD IN BONES AND SMEARED WITH SOIL, SHE WILL RULE BY FEAR AND LAUNCH HUMANITY ON THE ROAD TO UNITY BY GOVERNMENT. HER KIND WILL BE FOLLOWED BY KINGS AND CONGRESSES FOR AGES TO COME!!



STRANGELY ENOUGH, THEIR FEAR-INSPIRED BELIEF HAS GENERATED COURAGE AMONG THE HUNTERS. THEY TRIUMPH. THEY PROSPER. --IN THE NAME OF THEIR ADOPTED DEMON-GODDESS...



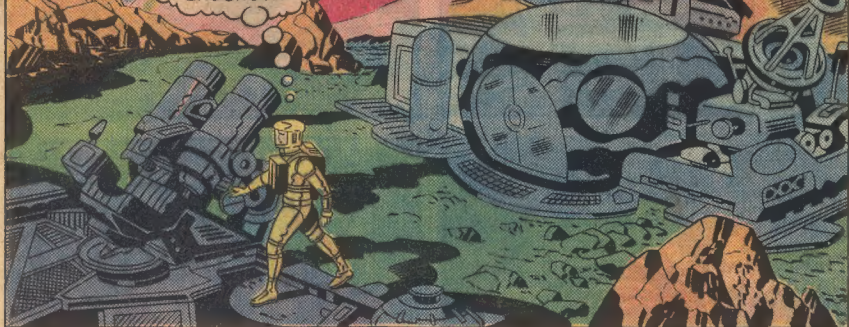
THE AGES PASS!-- AND HUMANITY'S VENTURE INTO SPACE FINDS WOMEN ACTIVE ON THE DARK FRONTIER! VERA GENTRY, OF EXPLORER UNIT 5, REPORTS TO HER ORBITING SHIP FROM THE SURFACE OF GANYMEDE!



GANYMEDE IS ONE OF JUPITER'S LARGEST MOONS-- AND STRANGE, INTRIGUING SIGHTINGS HAVE LED UNIT 5 TO DROP AN ASTRONAUT ON ITS BARREN SURFACE. THUS, VERA GENTRY LEAVES HER SURVIVAL HUT TO MAKE HER PERIODIC SWEEP OF THE HORIZON.

NASA MUST BE RECRUITING MALE-CHAUVINIST STAFFERS. THEY WOULD PICK A FEMALE FOR THIS U.F.O. ASSIGNMENT!

OH, WELL. ANYTHING FOR A BARREL OF LAUGHS...

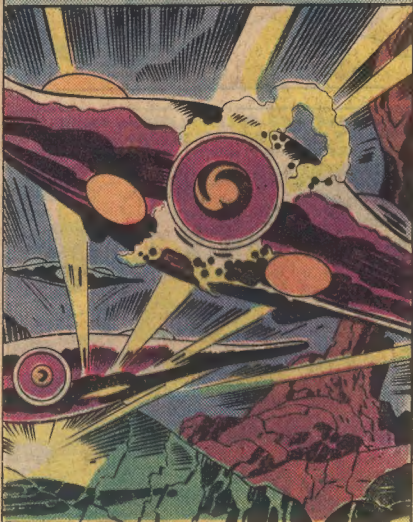


THERE HAVE BEEN FOTOS OF FLEETING SHADOWS-- LONG AND LEAN-- SILHOUETTES AGAINST THE GROUND, WHERE NO SHIP FROM EARTH HAD EVER LANDED. VERA GENTRY ACTIVATES HER TELESCOPE AND PROBES THE EMPTY VASTNESS...

THE OLD U.F.O. STORIES NEVER SEEM TO FADE... ALIEN INTELLIGENCES ARE STILL THE "IN" THING BACK HOME...



SUDDENLY, THEY ARE THERE!-- SOLID AND DETAILED AND SOMEHOW SINISTER IN FLIGHT. VERA GASPS FOR BREATH! THE ALIENS MAY BE MILES AWAY, BUT THEY ARE UNNERVINGLY FAST. THEY COULD BE UPON HER IN MOMENTS!!



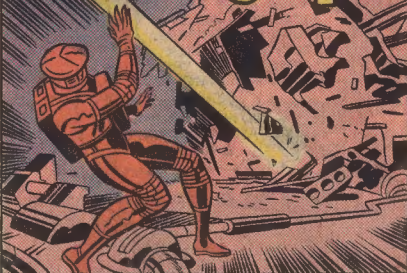
VERA BOLTS FROM THE TELESCOPE AND RACES FOR THE HUT. THE ALIENS ARE ALREADY IN SIGHT--AND, THE URGENCY TO REPORT THIS HAS TURNED INTO A PANIC SITUATION...

GOT TO MAKE IT BEFORE THEY SPOT ME!



THEN--!

BLOWN!

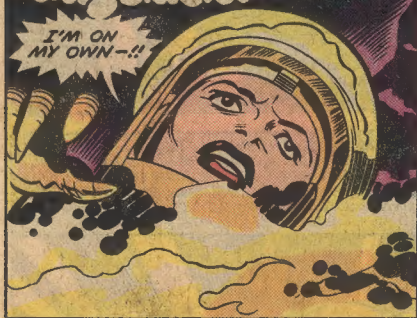


BLAST FOLLOWS BLAST!! VERA FINDS HERSELF THE NEXT TARGET FOR DESTRUCTION...

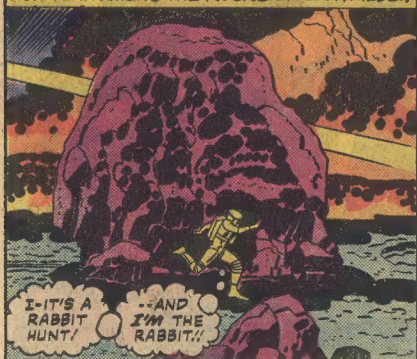


GOOD LORD! THEY'VE DESTROYED THE SURVIVAL HUT AND ALL ITS EQUIPMENT IN A MATTER OF SECONDS!

I'M ON MY OWN--!!



THE ALIENS ARE RELENTLESS IN THEIR EFFORTS! FLAMING DEATH REACHES OUT FOR VERA AMONG THE ROCKS OF GANYMEDE!!

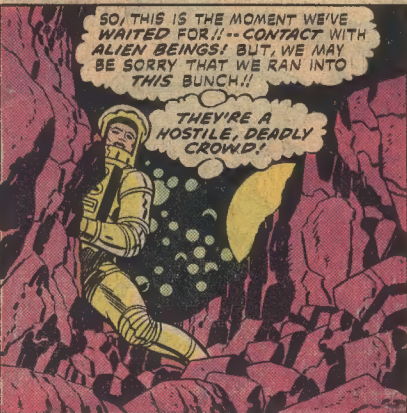


I-IT'S A RABBIT HUNT!

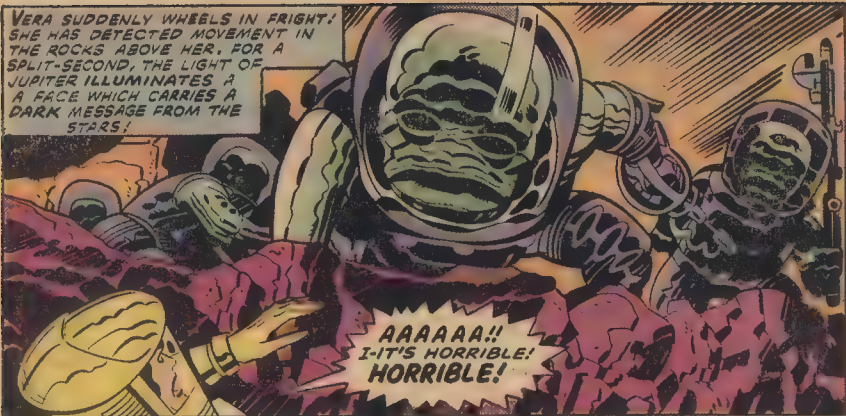
...AND I'M THE RABBIT!!

SO, THIS IS THE MOMENT WE'VE WAITED FOR!--CONTACT WITH ALIEN BEINGS! BUT, WE MAY BE SORRY THAT WE RAN INTO THIS BUNCH!!

THEY'RE A HOSTILE, DEADLY CROWD!

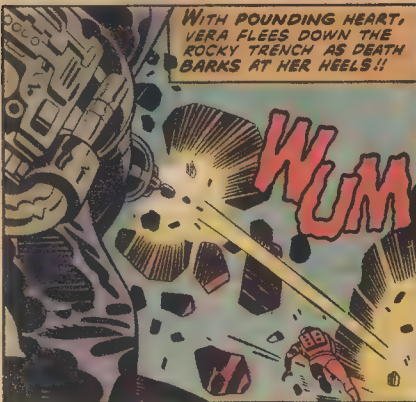


VERA SUDDENLY WHEELS IN FRIGHT! SHE HAS DETECTED MOVEMENT IN THE ROCKS ABOVE HER. FOR A SPLIT-SECOND, THE LIGHT OF JUPITER ILLUMINATES A FACE WHICH CARRIES A DARK MESSAGE FROM THE STARS!



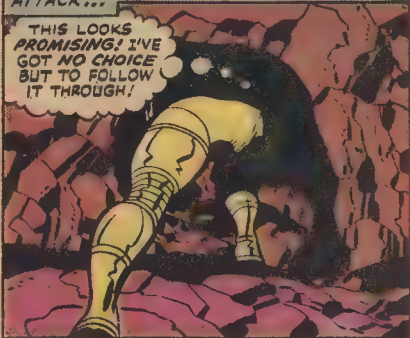
AAAAAA!!
I-IT'S HORRIBLE!
HORRIBLE!

WITH POUNDING HEART, VERA FLEES DOWN THE ROCKY TRENCH AS DEATH BARKS AT HER HEELS!!

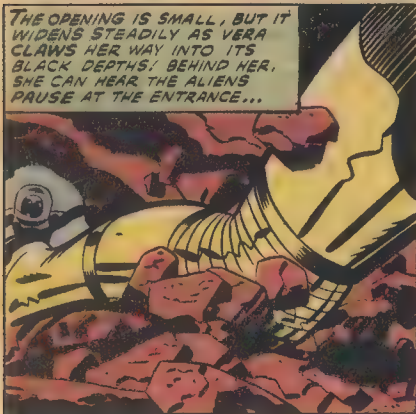


SHE SEARCHES WILDLY FOR ANY AVENUE OF ESCAPE. EVERY CRACK AND CREVASSE BECOMES A BECKONING HAVEN FROM THE ATTACK...

THIS LOOKS
PROMISING, I'VE
GOT NO CHOICE
BUT TO FOLLOW
IT THROUGH!

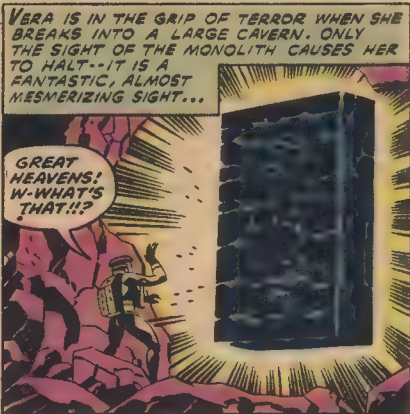


THE OPENING IS SMALL, BUT IT WIDENS STEADILY AS VERA CLAWS HER WAY INTO ITS BLACK DEPTHS. BEHIND HER, SHE CAN HEAR THE ALIENS PAUSE AT THE ENTRANCE...

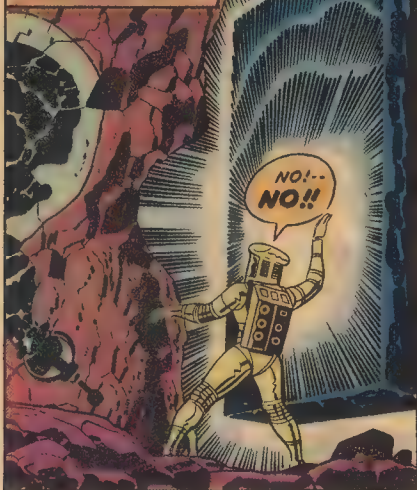


VERA IS IN THE GRIP OF TERROR WHEN SHE BREAKS INTO A LARGE CAVERN. ONLY THE SIGHT OF THE MONOLITH CAUSES HER TO HALT--IT IS A FANTASTIC, ALMOST MESMERIZING SIGHT...

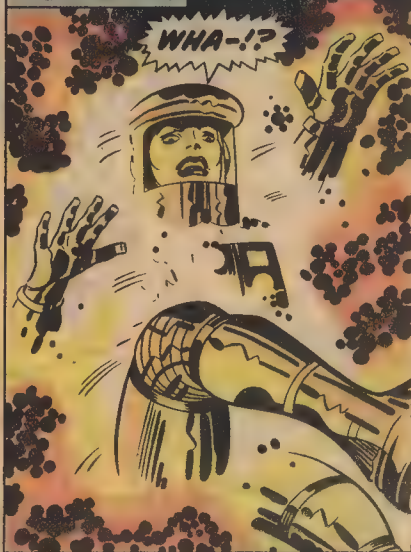
GREAT
HEAVENS!
W-WHAT'S
THAT!!?



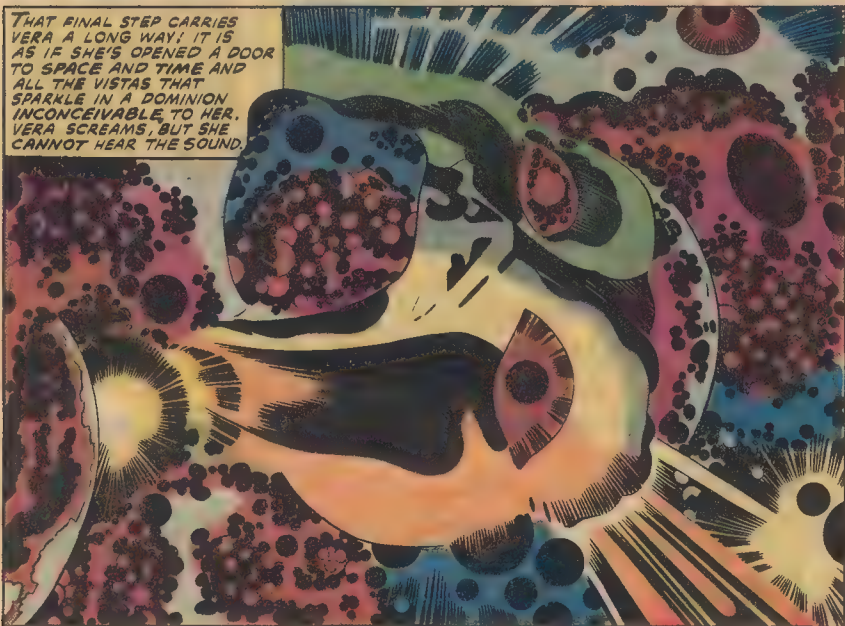
UNKNOWN TO VERA, THE CYCLE WHICH BEGAN ON THE SLOPE OF A PREHISTORIC VOLCANO, IS DRAWING TO A CLOSE ON A WORLD BEYOND HER OWN. THE SHADOW OF PURSUIT DRIVES HER TOWARD THE MONOLITH...



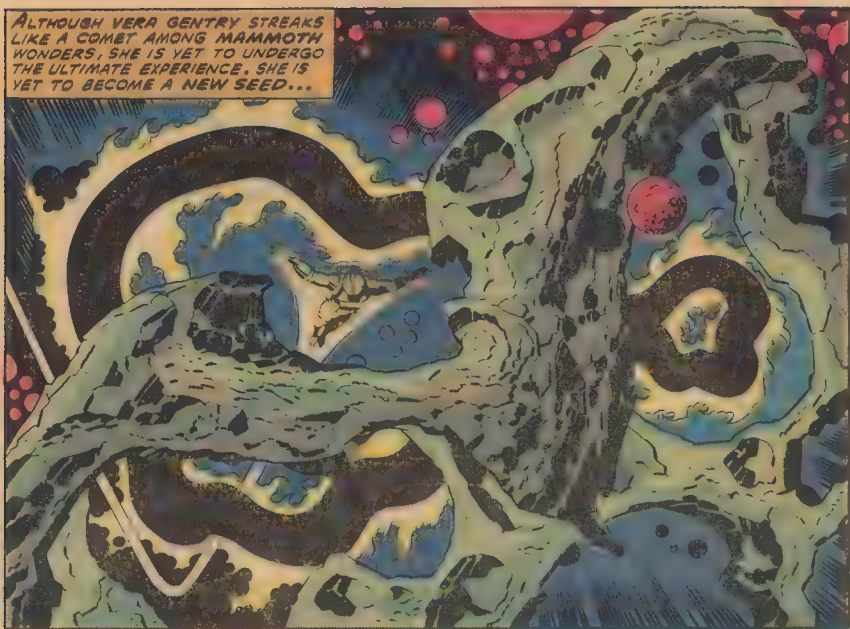
ESCAPE SEEMS IMPOSSIBLE NOW. VERA TAKES A BACKWARD STEP, REALIZING THAT THERE IS NO LONGER ROOM FOR RETREAT!-- BUT, SHE IS WRONG!!



THAT FINAL STEP CARRIES VERA A LONG WAY! IT IS AS IF SHE'S OPENED A DOOR TO SPACE AND TIME AND ALL THE VISTAS THAT SPARKLE IN A DOMINION INCONCEIVABLE TO HER. VERA SCREAMS, BUT SHE CANNOT HEAR THE SOUND.



ALTHOUGH VERA GENTRY STREAKS LIKE A COMET AMONG MAMMOTH WONDERS, SHE IS YET TO UNDERGO THE ULTIMATE EXPERIENCE. SHE IS YET TO BECOME A NEW SEED...



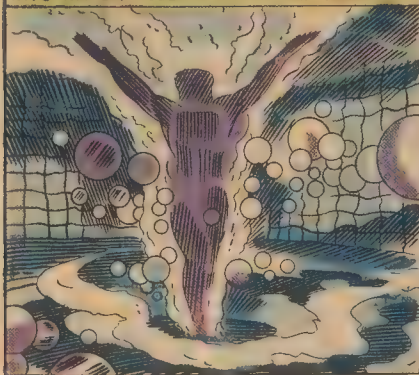
SHE IS A TINY MOTE IN A FIRMAMENT OF WHEELING UNIVERSES... THERE ARE GIANT THINGS THAT LIVE AND MOVE FROM GALAXY TO GALAXY...



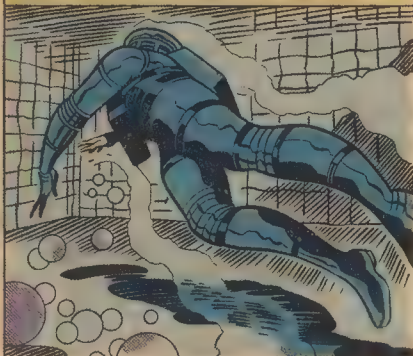
THERE IS THAT AND MORE!--TOO MUCH FOR THE HUMAN MIND TO HOLD AND ABSORB... AND, AS IT CONTINUES, VERA FREEZES IN SHOCK--GAZING AT THE INDESCRIBABLE WITH FIXED AND IMMOBILE FEATURES...



SUDDENLY, SHE FINDS HERSELF PLUNGED INTO WATER--CLEAR AND AZURE BLUE...



VERA DRIFTS LAZILY IN ITS DEPTHS. THERE IS A COMFORTING FAMILIARITY IN THE TILED WALLS SURROUNDING HER...



INSTINCT TAKES OVER AS SHE BEGINS TO SWIM. VERA'S SPACESUIT HAS BEEN REPLACED BY A BATHING SUIT--ONE SHE HAS OFTEN WORN IN THIS POOL...



VERA BOBS TO THE SURFACE, REFRESHED AND EXHILARATED BY A REALITY WHICH HAD ONCE SEEMED LIKE SOME LONG-FORGOTTEN DREAM...



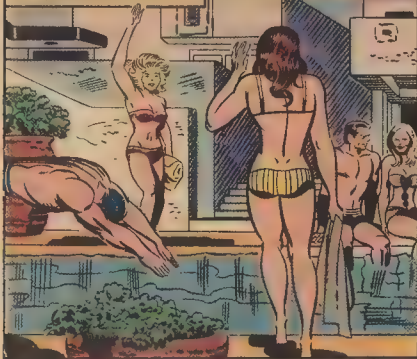
IT IS ALL THERE, AS SHE HAD ONCE KNOWN IT--THE POOL-SIDE AND ITS POTTED PLANTS...



THE CONDOMINIUM SHE HAD LIVED IN-- IT STANDS AS IT ALWAYS HAS: SOFT WHITE AGAINST A BLUE CALIFORNIA SKY...



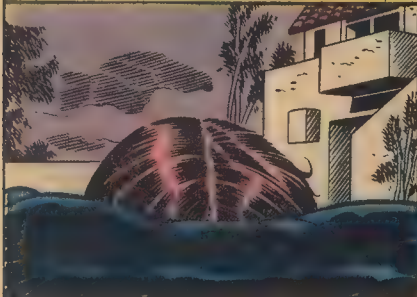
VERA IS HOME. SHE WAVES TO HER NEIGHBORS, WHO'VE COME FOR THEIR AFTERNOON DIP...



THE SUN IS WARM UPON THE LANGUOROUS FLESH. LIGHT CONVERSATION DRIFTS ABOUT HER UNTIL IT BLENDS WITH THE AIR AND BECOMES A SOURCE OF SOLACE WITHIN A BRAIN NUMBED BY FATIGUE. VERA SLEEPS...



IN THE ENVIRONMENT PREPARED FOR HER BY THE MONOLITH, THE HUMAN SUBJECT EASES INTO THE CHANGE. IT IS AN ALIEN DESIGN, COMPUTED BY AN INTELLIGENCE THAT DEFIES ALL EARTHY NOTIONS...



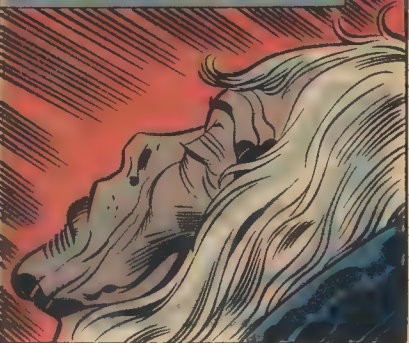
SHE IS SEVENTY AND TOO WEARY TO RISE WHEN SHE AWAKENS. IT FEELS SO MUCH BETTER TO SETTLE BACK AND DOZE OFF AGAIN BENEATH THE COMFORTING SUN. AFTER ALL, THE AFTERNOON IS FAR FROM OVER -- AND THE PERFECT TIME TO REST...



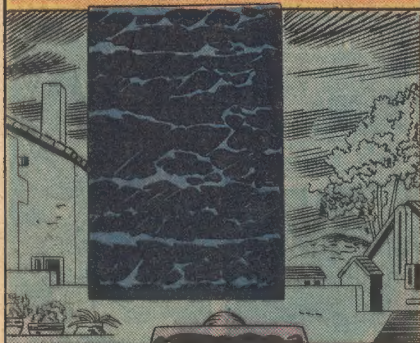
VERA GENTRY IS AGING RAPIDLY. SHE HAS ALREADY REACHED THE AGE OF FIFTY AS HER EYES FLUTTER BEFORE THEY OPEN...



AT THE CLOSE OF NINETY MINUTES, VERA GENTRY HAS LIVED OUT HER LIFE SPAN... SHE IS NEVER TO AWAKEN, AGAIN... AT LEAST, NOT AS VERA GENTRY...



THE ENVIRONMENT GROWS STRANGELY SILENT. IT IS AN EMPTY STAGE, WHOSE ACTORS HAVE VANISHED INTO THE WINGS. ONLY THE MONOLITH HAS ANY VALIDITY AT THIS MOMENT.



IT APPEARS AND FLASHES WITH A BLINDING BRILLIANCE. THE PLAY OF SHIFTING ATOMS CREATES THE HUM THAT HERALDS THE TRANSFORMATION OF VERA GENTRY...



HER 102 YEAR OLD BODY IS SOON COVERED BY A FINE ATOMIC FILM WHICH GROWS MORE OPAQUE AS THE ACTIVITY QUICKENS...



THERE IS NOT MUCH TO SEE BENEATH THE FILM AT THE HEIGHT OF THE CHANGE. IT IS A PROCESS BEYOND THE UNDERSTANDING OF MODERN MAN...



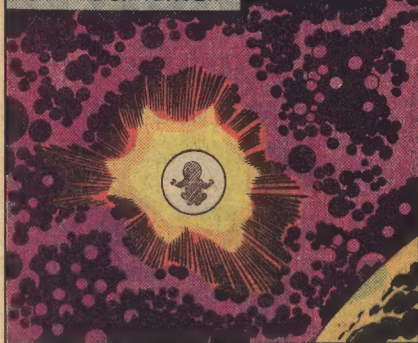
VERA GENTRY EXISTS NO MORE. BUT PART OF HER SURVIVES IN THE EMERGING LIFE, CALLED THE NEW SEED. IT LIES ALMOST FULLY FORMED AS THE CHANGE GOES ON...



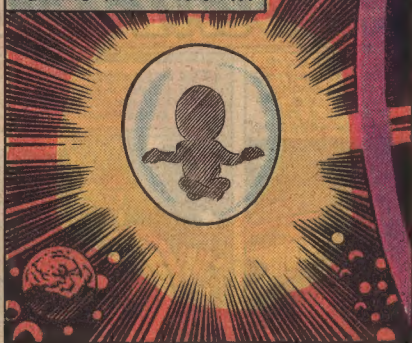
THEN IT IS OVER. WHAT LIES BENEATH THE FILM IS BUT ANOTHER LINK IN THE HUMAN CHAIN OF DESTINY--FORGED BY AN ALIEN WILL--FOR REASONS KNOWN ONLY TO ITSELF!!



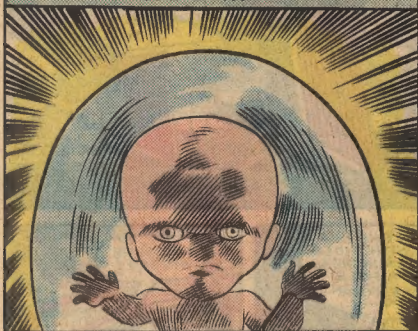
THE ENVIRONMENT FADES AWAY LIKE AN OUTWORN FANTASY... THE NEW SEED DRIFTS IN AN ELEMENT IT WAS MEANT FOR -- THE UNIVERSE!!



IN THESE ENDLESS REGIONS IT WILL DO THE THINGS THAT WILL FULFILL ITS EXISTENCE. IN EVERY DIRECTION LIES MEANING AND MISSION...



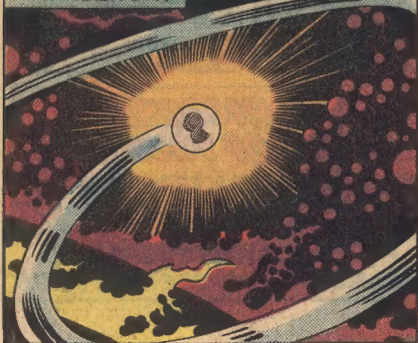
BEFORE DEPARTING ON ITS LIFELONG JOURNEY, THE NEW SEED SUBJECTS ITS IMMEDIATE SURROUNDINGS TO A FINAL, PENETRATING SCRUTINY...



IT IS A MOMENT OF ORIENTATION. LARGE, KNOWING EYES ENCOMPASS ALL THERE IS TO SEE. THEY QUICKLY DEFINE ITS FIXED POINT IN THE VAST DESIGN OF THE FIRMAMENT... THEN, THERE IS NO LONGER ANY NEED TO LINGER...



THE NEW SEED DEPARTS WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHT. IT KNOWS ITS PURPOSE AND ITS DESTINATION-- BUT, ABOVE ALL, IT KNOWS IT WILL LIVE...



COMING NEXT!!--

A BONE-CRUSHING, RIB-CRACKING, HEAD-TWISTING TWO-PART LOOK AT THE NEXT CANDIDATE FOR THE NEW SEED!

THE BARBARIAN'S BARBARIAN!!

ANARAK

MONOLITH MAIL

© MARVEL COMICS GROUP, 575 MADISON AVE. N.Y.C. 10022

Good afternoon, and welcome to the second astounding issue of 2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY!

Welcome, too, to the thirty cent publishing time paradox! For while you are reading these words in the midst of brisk autumnal weather, they were being written during a muggy summer heat wave. As a matter of fact, as this page goes to press, the first issue of 2001 has yet to go on sale! We have, however, started to receive the first of many letters of comment on our MARVEL TREASURY SPECIAL, which adapted the motion picture classic of Messrs. Kubrick and Clarke. And so, without further ado, we present a sampling of said letters for your inspection.

Dear Jack Kirby,

Congratulations on your fifty-ninth birthday and on your latest epic, 2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY. It was the most fantastic comic I have read in a long while, and though I have neither read the book nor seen the movie, you made the saga easy to understand and fun to read! The photo montages were terrific, and the two-page spreads were even better! Will you be doing the 2001 regular-size book?

Well, here's hoping that you'll be around for another fifty-nine years to keep us comic fans happy!

David R. Schellhase
572 Euclid Ave.
Berkeley, CA 94708

Dear Jack,

Being the driving force behind Marvel's adaptation of the best movie of all time, 2001: A Space Odyssey, I am going to address my comments to you. Frank Giacoia, John Costanza, and Marie Severin did their parts quite well, but it is you who bears the responsibility for the overall product.

I must admit that 99.9 percent of the people who read your adaptation will hail it as a masterpiece, a comics milestone. Unfortunately, I must count myself in the 0.1 percentile. I was disappointed. I'm not saying that your book was bad, not at all! In nearly all aspects, it was excellent. What disappointed me was the fact that, with a little more care, it could have been perfect.

You see, 2001 is much more than a movie or a novel to me. I am an out-right fanatic about it! I've seen the movie thirteen times. I've read both Clarke's novelization and Jerry Agel's *The Making of Kubrick's 2001* so many times that I have had to buy new copies every year or so. I once drove over 500 miles (round-trip) to see my favorite picture at the Cinerama Theater in Minneapolis. I own both soundtrack record albums. I bought two movie posters from my local theater, and I taped the entire movie on my small cassette recorder. I even bought three copies of Marvel's adaptation, sight unseen. And I wrote you a four-page letter over a year ago, giving my suggestions for making an accurate transition from movie/novel to comic book form.

You see, I had hoped that you would make Marvel's 2001 to please me, the most discriminating of readers. I now have some six pages of notes sitting beside me, spelling out in great detail exactly what you did wrong, but I think you know what my points are. Basically, everywhere you strayed from the movie/novel, you goofed.

Everyone else around here who has read Marvel's 2001 was well pleased, as I am sure almost all of your other readers were.

But nothing will change the fact that you had a whole year to make sure that everyone was happy, including me.

Edward A. Pines
3609 South West Ave.
Sioux Falls, SD 57105

Ed, sorry we are that you weren't satisfied with our Treasury Edition outing of your favorite film, but this armadillo harbors some doubts that we *could've* fully satisfied as rabid a fanatic as yourself! We know that whenever the Bullpen tackles an established classic like 2001—or, for that matter, like REH's *Conan*—there's going to be some readers who are not going to be satisfied. "Why did you do this? Why *didn't* you do that?" they ask. And sometimes their criticisms are valid.

In this case, Ed, we think you may well be overlooking the nature of the comics medium. There are inevitable compromises to be made whenever a work is transferred from one medium to another. Kubrick's film is different from Clarke's book is different from Kirby's comic. In fact, as you no doubt know, the final filmic 2001 differs quite a bit from the original script, mostly due to Mr. Kubrick's desires for a truly visual film. Whether he was successful is a matter for critics and aficionados to fight over. And whether or not we were successful with our adaptation is for you and your fellow readers to decide.

And, yes, you've guessed correctly that the favorable letters out-number your position. But that doesn't make your criticisms any less welcome, Edward. As a matter of fact, if you still have those "six pages of notes" lying around, we'd be interested in seeing them. Okay?

Mr. Kirby:

Concerning your adaptation of 2001: A Space Odyssey: It is, I would say, about the best job anyone could do in making that movie into a comic book. You have certainly captured at least some of the grandeur of the story! And just as the original film was of a better caliber than the usual run-of-the-mill Hollywood movie, I would say your book was a notch above the typical comic.

I would, however, urge you and the other writers and artists at Marvel to seriously consider an all-original project of the same scope. Not an established super-hero tale, but an original, self-contained story, beginning and ending in one giant book. Perhaps you think that not enough people would pay \$1.50 for an unproven property. Well, perhaps you're right, but I think it's worth a try!

Robert M. Reed
423 North Cuyler Ave.
Oak Park, IL 60302

What can we say, Robert? Thanks for the praise. And if our recent Treasury books prove to be strong in sales, then we'll certainly consider more new material!

NEXT ISSUE: Man has come down out of the trees. He has entered the Stone Age and developed a tribal form of government. But what happens when the first of the world conquerors comes on the scene? You'll find out in the pages of 2001 #3 when you meet *Marak!* He's a barbarian unlike any you've seen before! So be here in just thirty short days for more monolithic majesty!

'Nuff said!

2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY

scanned by *Wizard*

